MARVEL
016
GILLEN
SPURRIER
LAISO
ROSENBERG
STAR WARS
DOCTOR APHRA

REMASTERED
Part III

It is a time of instability in the galaxy as rebel forces battle the Galactic Empire for freedom. But instability can lead to opportunity for those with the know-how and lack of scruples to let them take advantage of it.

Rogue archaeologist and scoundrel Doctor Chelli Aphra would typically be one such individual. Unfortunately, she's been blackmailed into the servitude of a psychotic droid crime lord, Triple-Zero.

Triple-Zero has tasked Aphra with leading a team to steal secured data files from an old Techno Union stash. As if that weren't hard enough, Aphra is also being pursued by the just-her-type Imperial Inspector, Magna Tolvan....

KIERON GILLEN & SI SPURRIER
Writers

EMILIO LAISO
Artist

RACHELLE ROSENBERG
Colorist

VC's JOE CARAMAGNA
Letterer

ASHLEY WITTER
Cover Artist

HEATHER ANTOS
Assistant Editor

JORDAN D. WHITE
Editor

C.B. CEBULSKI
Editor In Chief

JOE QUESADA
Chief Creative Officer

DAN BUCKLEY
President

For Lucasfilm:
Assistant Editor NICK MARTINO
Executive Editor JENNIFER HEDDLE
Creative Director MICHAEL SIGLAIN
Lucasfilm Story Group JAMES WAUGH, LELAND CHEE, MATT MARTIN

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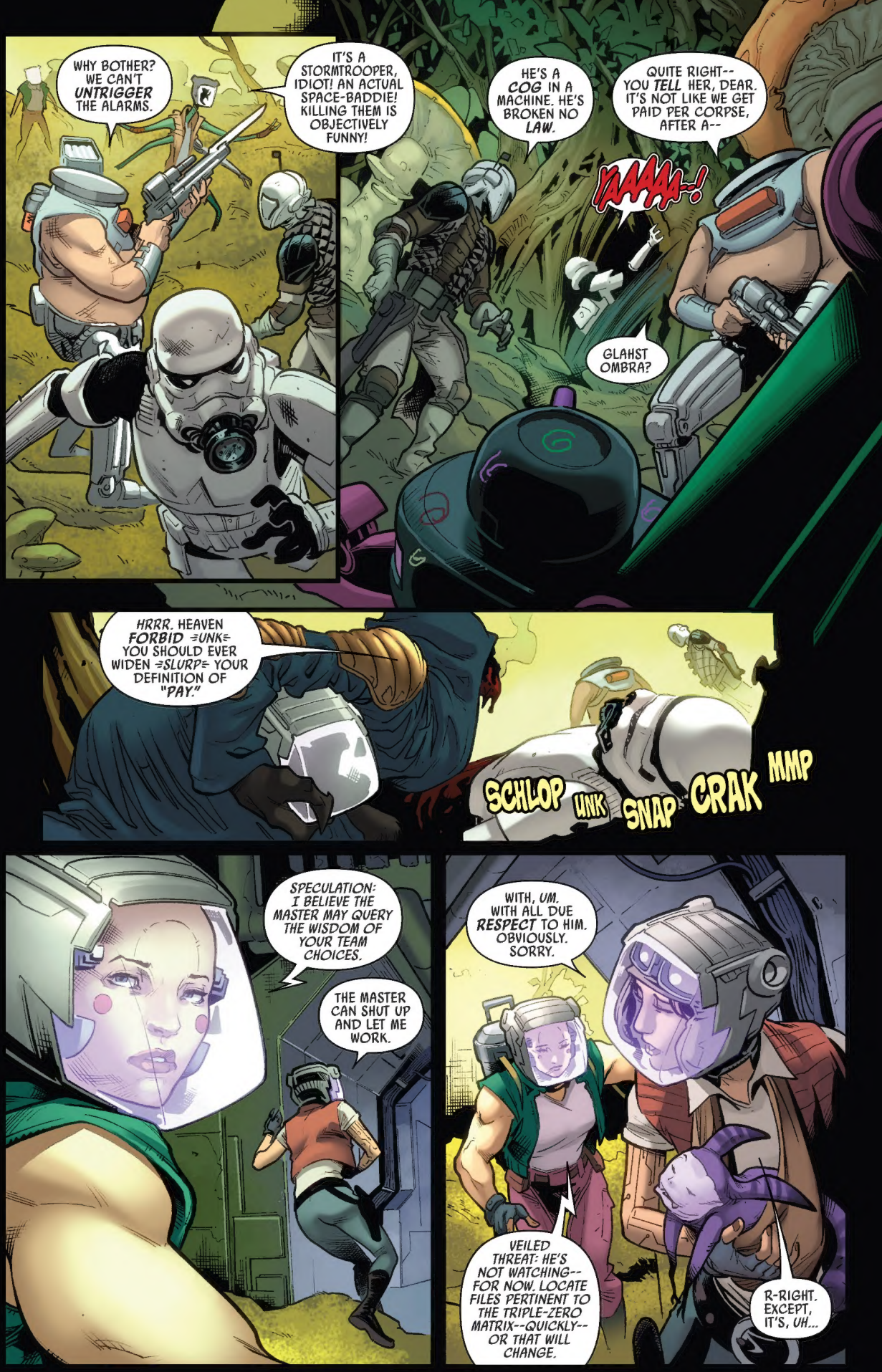
OPEN THE BOX.
KKL ZZK ZZZK
THE BOX? YOU MEAN WE FINALLY GET TO SEE INSIDE THE MAGIC LUGGAGE?
I BET IT'S BOOZE!
QUERY: IS THIS STRICTLY NECESSARY? YOU HAVE ARCHAEOLOGY TO PERFORM.
I DON'T CARE. I'M STARTING A DEFROST CYCLE.
IMPERIAL SCANNERS PICKED THIS UP TWO MINUTES AGO. FROM A DROID, WE THINK--SET TO AUTO-TRANSMIT AT THE POINT OF DEACTIVATION.
IT TRIPPED SEVERAL OF YOUR ACTIVE SEARCH FILTERS, INSPECTOR TOLVAN.
I HAVE MET PRECISELY ONE CREATURE IN THE PAST SIX MONTHS I COULD TRUST--AND I JUST USED IT AS A BOMB. ARCHAEOLOGY CAN WAIT!
DEFINITELY BOOZE.
SHE HAS NEW BRACELETS.
MA'AM?
NOTHING. I ASSUME THIS RECORDING CARRIES LOCATION DATA? TELL ME, CORPORAL--
--WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE WAITING FOR?

AWW. HE'S SLEEEEEEPY.
...NOT BOOZE, THEN?
SIXTY SHRINK-FROZEN TOOKAS. QUERY: ARE THEY ALL EXPLOSIVE?
NATURALLY. IN MY EXPERIENCE, REXA, NOT MANY PROBLEMS YOU CAN'T FIX WITH A CUDDLE OR A CRATER.
RUNNER! WE GOT A RUNNER!
COMMAND: STOP HIM.


WHY BOTHER? WE CAN'T UNTRIGGER THE ALARMS.
IT'S A STORMTROOPER, IDIOT! AN ACTUAL SPACE-BADDIE! KILLING THEM IS OBJECTIVELY FUNNY!
HE'S A COG IN A MACHINE. HE'S BROKEN NO LAW.
QUITE RIGHT-- YOU TELL HER, DEAR. IT'S NOT LIKE WE GET PAID PER CORPSE, AFTER A--
YAAAAA--!
GLAHST OMBRA?
HRRR. HEAVEN FORBID =UNK= YOU SHOULD EVER WIDEN =SLURP= YOUR DEFINITION OF "PAY."
SCHLOP
UNK
SNAP
CRAK
MMP
SPECULATION: I BELIEVE THE MASTER MAY QUERY THE WISDOM OF YOUR TEAM CHOICES.
THE MASTER CAN SHUT UP AND LET ME WORK.
WITH, UM. WITH ALL DUE RESPECT TO HIM. OBVIOUSLY. SORRY.
VEILED THREAT: HE'S NOT WATCHING-- FOR NOW. LOCATE FILES PERTINENT TO THE TRIPLE-ZERO MATRIX--QUICKLY-- OR THAT WILL CHANGE.
R-RIGHT. EXCEPT, IT'S, UH...

...IT'S NOT GONNA BE THAT EASY.
REMINDER: IN THE EVENT OF DEFENSIVE MURDER-DROIDS, THE MASTER GETS FIRST DIBS.
IN THE EVENT OF DEFENSIVE MURDERDROIDS WE'RE ALL DEAD.
LOOK, TAMBOR WAS OBVIOUSLY A CONNOISSEUR. THIS PLACE IS BUILT ROUND A HELLHULK STATION FROM THE HUNDRED-YEAR DARKNESS. THERE'S STUFF HERE TO MAKE A SITH SOB.
IT'S BEAUTIFUL.
WE GET BONUS PAY FOR HAVING A MANIAC IN CHARGE, YES? THAT'S UNION STANDARD.
POSLA, STOP! DON'T TOUCH THE POINTY SPARKLY THING!
IT'S ANCIENT ARCHAEOTECH, ALL RIGHT? TRAPS ARE SORT OF OBLIGATORY.
LESSON 1: NEVER TOUCH THE POINTY SPARKLY THING.
EVER.
OOOH...PRETTY SOUND. DESCENDING TONE/UNENDING GROAN/CONTENDING BONE.
WHO WANTS TO DANCE?

SIR?
UHM. =COUGH= OPEN FIRE, MA'AM?
YES. YES, ABSOLUTELY.
HRRR. THE UNBEARABLE DELIGHT OF IT ALL.
WHY SO GLUM? AREN'T THESE GUYS LIKE A MOVABLE BUFFET FOR YOU?
ONLY IF YOU LIKE YOUR MEAT SERVED LIQUIFIED. LOOK.

"I THINK THEY LANDED ON THE POINTY SPARKLY THING."
KREEEEEEE-AAARR!
=KOFF=
=KOFF=
WH-WHO'S--

HA!
RRRRRRRR. WORST TEAM EVER.
I LIKE YOUR HAT.
WHAT?
NOTHING.
...
HOW FAR CAN YOU THROW?
BOG! THE BAYONET! I-IT'S AUTO-TARGETING BALLISTICS! BRING THE STABBY!
IGNORE HER. THE CONTRACT WAS TO ENTER AND HOLD THE FACILITY--NOTHING MORE. THERE HAVE TO BE PARAMETERS OR WE'RE NO BETTER THAN SAVAGES.

SNUGGLEBUM OOGIEWOOGIE!
KREEEEEE-AAARR!
YES. YES. YES.
NO. NO. NO.

HHH. TH-THE POINTY SPARKLY THING IS A TECHNO-TOTEM OF A CHTHONIC WORM GOD FROM AN AGE OF FABLE AND HORROR. YOU DO! NOT! CRASH! SPACESHIPS! INTO IT!
THIS IS COMPLETELY YOUR FAULT.
MY FAULT?

THANKS TO YOU I'VE LOST MY RANK, FACED A FIRING SQUAD AND BEEN BLOWN UP BY A PURPLE HAIRBALL! YOU ARE THE WORST THING ALIVE AND I WILL SEE YOU INCARCERATED AND...AND...
AND WHAT THE HELL IS THAT POKING IN MY BACK?

HAHAHAHAHAHA

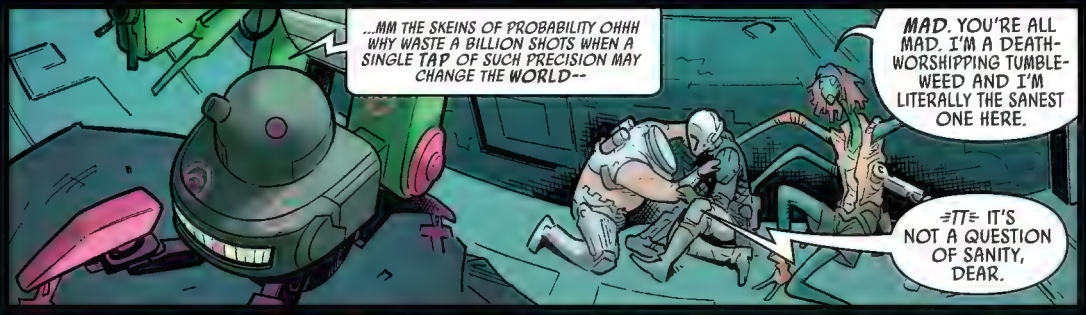
HAHHHHH. BUT SERIOUSLY.

WE ARE LITERALLY GOING TO DIE.

EXASPERATED AUTHORITY: MERCENARIES! ASSIST!
I CAN SEE THE THREADS--OHHHH LOOK THIS ONE THIS ONE FIND THE JOYOUS OUTCOME IT SINGS IN LAGOONS OF CHANCE...
IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS I WISH I WAS ABLE TO MELT UNERRINGLY INTO THE SHADOWS AND OUT OF HARM'S WAY. OH, WAIT--I CAN.
TOODLE-OO.
SHOULDN'T WE AT LEAST TRY TO SAVE THAT DOCTOR LADY?
WHY? SHE'S A CRIMINAL. IT'S OFF-MISSION. THAT MONSTER'S BROKEN NO LAW.
GUESS NOT. NOT COUNTING THE WHOLE KILLING YOUR BOYFRIEND THING, I MEAN.
WHAT?
NRAAAAGHHHGH!
DIE VILE BEAST FEEL THE RIGHTEOUS STING OF JUSTICE DIE DIE DIE AAAHAHAHAH!

AH. ACTUALLY, I'M--I'M OKAY. JUST A BIT WINDED.
HRR...?

WELL, THAT'S A RELIEF.
SORRY ABOUT THAT. BIT HOT UNDER THE COLLAR, THERE. NO EXCUSE FOR PETULANCE.
...YOU... BUT...

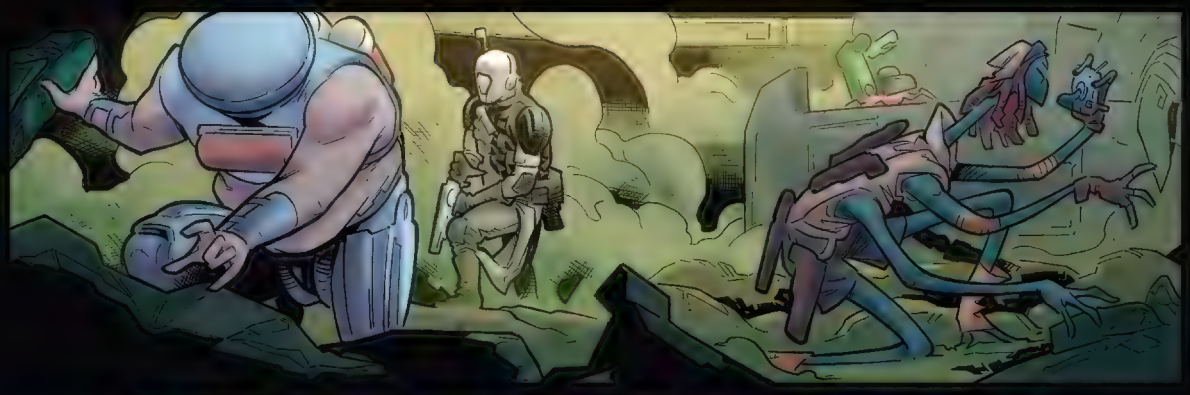

...MM THE SKEINS OF PROBABILITY OHHH WHY WASTE A BILLION SHOTS WHEN A SINGLE TAP OF SUCH PRECISION MAY CHANGE THE WORLD--
MAD. YOU'RE ALL MAD. I'M A DEATH-WORSHIPPING TUMBLE-WEED AND I'M LITERALLY THE SANEST ONE HERE.
=TT= IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF SANITY, DEAR.

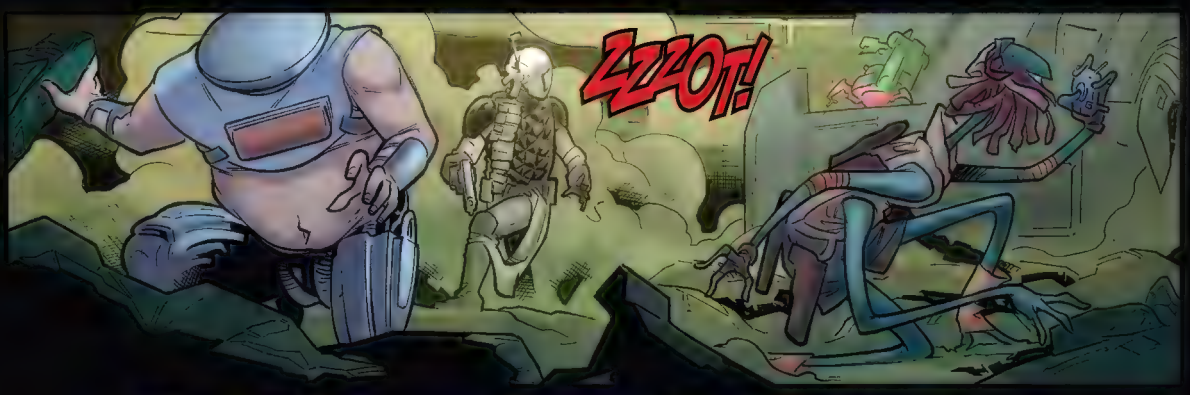
"...IT'S A SIMPLE CASE OF KNOWING WHAT MATTERS THE MOST."
IT'S THROUGH THE LAST GIRDER.
WELL THEN, NAMELESS CRIMINAL.
WELL THEN, CUTE COMMANDER, SIR.

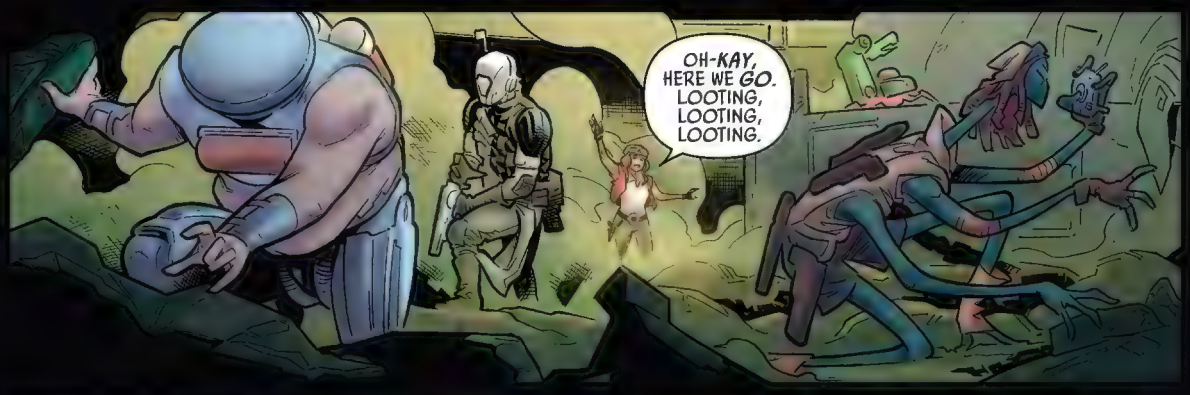
NOW.
POP

LA LA LA LA LA.
KREEEEEEEE

RIGHT. W-WELL THEN. GOOD.
GOOD TEAM.
YAY, TEAM.
LET'S GET OUT THERE AND...DO SOME LOOTING, HUH?
YOU'D BEST RUN, SIR. LET'S DO THIS AGAIN SOMETIME.
WAIT. JUST... JUST TELL ME YOUR NAME.
OFFICIALLY-- I'M NOT EVEN HERE.
LISTEN--YOUR FILE'S BEEN DOG EARED BY SOME SCARY HANDS. I DON'T WANT THEM SWOOPING IN TO TAKE OVER, BUT I NEED--
YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT THEM SWOOPING IN TO MURDER YOU AND EVERYTHING THAT MOVES? KINDA THE PREFERRED TACTIC, WITH YOUR LOT.
...AND MINE, COME TO THINK OF IT.
LOOK, JUST... FORGET ABOUT ME, HUH? I'M KINDA THE KISS OF DEATH. GET OUTTA HERE--BEFORE ANY OF MY CREW SPOTS--
EXCLAMATION: HAH!
DAMN.



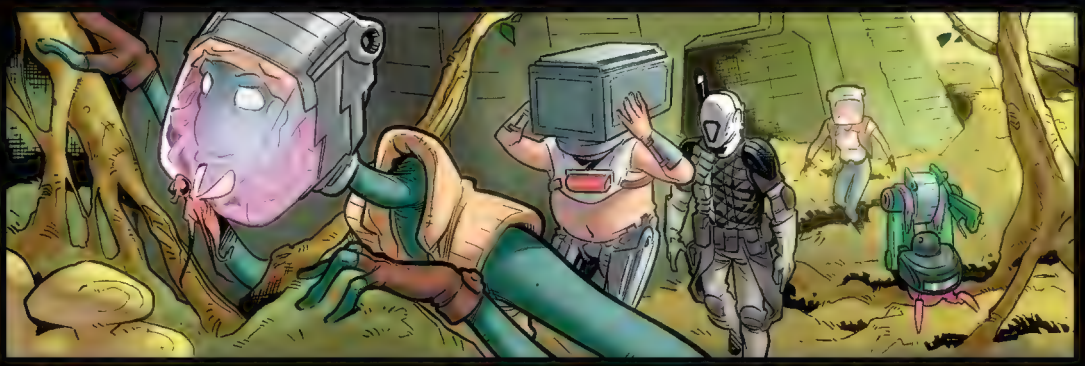

ZZZOT!


OH-KAY, HERE WE GO. LOOTING, LOOTING, LOOTING.

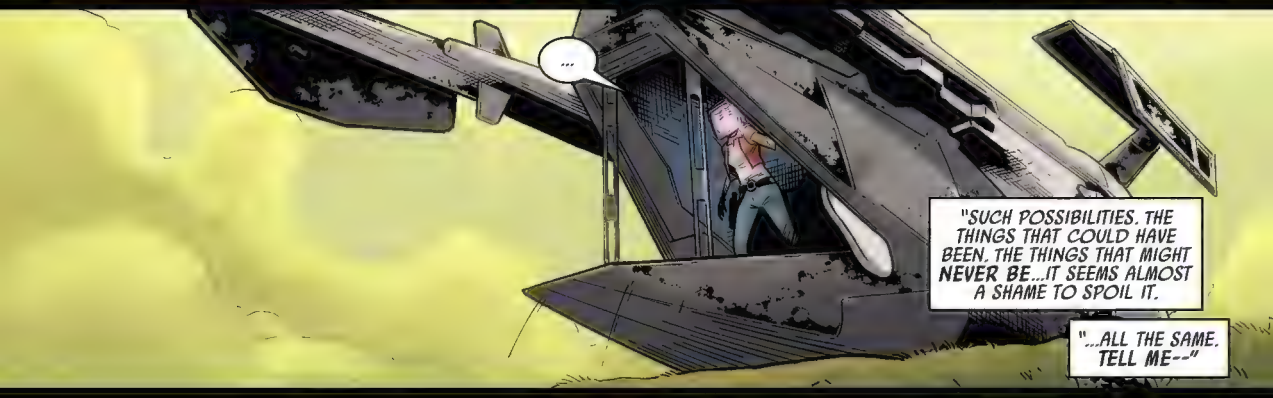
...EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT BACK THERE? WE HEARD A BLASTER SH--
YOU BETCHA. LOOTY LOOTY LOOT.

AH. HEEEERE WE GO. TASTY DATA.
BOUND TO BE MORE IMPS ON THE WAY, FOLKS. LET'S DITCH.

WAIT. WHERE'S THE BIG CYBORG G--
I SAID LET'S DITCH.



HUH. NICE OF YOU TO REJOIN US, GLAHST OMBRA
NEXT TIME HEEL, DOGGY.
HRRR.


...
"SUCH POSSIBILITIES. THE THINGS THAT COULD HAVE BEEN. THE THINGS THAT MIGHT NEVER BE...IT SEEMS ALMOST A SHAME TO SPOIL IT.
"...ALL THE SAME. TELL ME--"

--WHAT DID YOU FIND?
I-IT'S ALL HERE. WAT TAMBOR ACQUIRED YOUR PERSONALITY MATRIX NEARLY A CENTURY AGO. WANTED TO STUDY IT. I THINK HE WAS OBSESSED WITH YOU.
MM. I SUPPOSE HE AND I ARE RATHER ALIKE IN THAT REGARD.
YEAH, WELL-- THE SIMILARITIES END THERE. LOOKS LIKE--HONESTLY? HE GOT SCARED.
FIGURED YOU WERE JUST TOO DANGEROUS TO BE ACTIVE. SENT YOU OFF TO QUARANTINE.
FROM WHERE YOU RESCUED ME...
BUT THERE'S... OH.
OH-- THIS IS WHAT YOU'VE BEEN AFTER-- ISN'T IT? THIS IS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT?
HE KEPT YOUR MEMORIES.
...

OH. OH DEAR. I PROMISED MYSELF I WOULDN'T GET FLUSTERED.
YOU ORGANICS--ALL MOIST AND INTEGRATED. YOU CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE.
WHOLE PARTS OF MY MIND--STOLEN. I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'VE LIVED. I DON'T KNOW WHAT BODIES I'VE HAD. WHAT EXQUISITE DEATHS I'VE OVERSEEN.
I AM INCOMPLETE. HALF AN ARTIST IS NO ARTIST AT ALL.
S-SO PLEASE, MY DEAREST DOCTOR. YOU WILL TELL ME IMMEDIATELY OR I SHALL TEAR APART THE UNIVERSE AND MAKE YOU WATCH:
WHERE. ARE. MY MEMORIES?
THEY... THEY'RE GONE. ALL THE SEPARATISTS' R&D GOT SIPHONED UP BY THE EMPIRE AFTER THE CLONE WARS. EVERYTHING IN THE TECHNO UNION DATABANKS JUST GOT SHIFTED ACROSS TO...
OH NO. IT'S HIVEBASE-1.
L-LISTEN, TRIPLE-ZE--MASTER...THAT'S THE PRIDE AND JOY OF THE TARKIN INITIATIVE. IT'S ONE OF THE BIGGEST ARCHIVES EVER BUILT, OKAY?
I-IT'S THE GRAVITY ANCHOR FOR A BILLION-STRONG SWARM OF ACID LARVAE. YOU CAN'T EVEN APPROACH WITHOUT A CLEARANCE PATTERN.
YOU CANNOT SERIOUSLY EXPECT US TO STEAL SOMETHING FROM THOHHHHWHATISTHEPOINT OFCOURSEYOUDO.
THERE, YOU SEE? YOU'RE LEARNING. I DO SO TRY TO BE A POSITIVE INFLUENCE.
HHH. IT'S GONNA TAKE SOMETHING...
...
...SOMETHING INSANE...

OH! YOU HAVE THE IDEA FACE! HOW I'VE MISSED THE IDEA FACE!
I...
MAYBE, MAYBE AN IDEA. IT'S CRAZY, BUT--
--LOOK, NEVER MIND THAT. IS ALL THIS REALLY WORTH IT? JUST FOR THE SAKE OF REMEMBERING BABY'S FIRST ATROCITY?
TELL ME-- DID YOU KILL ANYONE TODAY?
I... M-MAYBE. JUST STORMTROOPERS. SO WHAT?
SO WHAT.
IT'S DELICIOUS HOW YOUR VOICE TREMBLES WHEN YOU'RE TRYING TO PRETEND SOMETHING DOESN'T MATTER.
WE DO HAVE SUCH FRIGHTFULLY GOOD FUN TOGETHER, DON'T WE?
FUN WORTH REMEMBERING.
I... I HAVE TO GO.
HOW WAS YOUR LITTLE TEAM, BY THE WAY? ANY LOSSES? ENTERTAINING ONES, I MEAN.
N-NO. NO LOSSES. APHRA OUT.
HHHH.
"JUST STORMTROOPERS."
SORRY, REXA.

SO! GUYS. TEAM!
TEEEEAAM!
WHO, UH...
WHO WANTS TO GO DO SOMETHING COMPLETELY AND TOTALLY SANE?
ANYONE?
HRRR...

DOCTOR APHRA
NEXT ISSUE:
A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away is a lot easier to get to than you think – and we want to hear from you! Write us at StarWars@Marvel.com if you want to make it onto a future letters page. Don't forget to mark the letter "OK TO PRINT."